

VOL. 12, NO. 55.

CONNELLSVILLE, PA., WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 14, 1914.

EIGHT PAGES.

## EXPRESS AGENT IS MISSING; \$13,000 HAS ALSO VANISHED

Police Seek Ralph Wiant After Discovery That Money Is Gone.

## CONSIGNED TO A LOCAL BANK

Valuable Package, Shipped Here on Monday but Not Delivered Because Bank Was Closed, Missing After Night Agent of Company Disappears

Simultaneous with the disappearance of Ralph Wiant, night agent of the United States Express Company here, \$13,000 consigned to a local bank has been found missing. Wiant left some time during Monday night and the package containing the money was not delivered by the day of office yesterday morning.

On Tuesday morning Mrs. Wiant, who lives on Fayette street, with her family, waited until her husband returned from work, finding the first mail delivery brought her a letter from him imparting the information that he had committed a crime for which he must leave the town and telling her not to worry—that he would communicate with her later.

Half-frenzied, the woman hurried down to police court where she had a conference with Mayor Marietta, Chief of Police Lottner and City Clerk Fisher. She was at a loss to know what trouble her husband was in and she did not expect that he had robbed the express company until officials of the company informed her later in the day.

The express company refused to discuss the matter with the news-papers this morning. One of the local employees absolutely denied that there had been any robbery. "We have absolutely no information to give out," he said.

It was learned, however, that the package of money arrived late Monday afternoon and was taken by a driver to the bank to which it was consigned. Finding the bank closed for the day, the driver returned it to the office, where Wiant stood for it and took charge of it for the night. Wiant is said to have taken the package and departed on one of the night trains. Nothing has been heard from him since.

Officials of the United States Express Company came to town yesterday in connection with the disappearance of Wiant. Agent G. H. Zimmerman and Agent G. H. Zimmerman and Agent G. H. Zimmerman arrived yesterday morning and spent the night in the city, going over the matter and putting the wheels in motion for the capture of the fugitive. They departed last night.

Accounts spread to the effect that the sum missing was from \$10,000 to \$15,000, but local bankers who are in a position to know the latter would have been sent here. They then have been an inactivity in the shipment of money into town recently, though the banks have sent large sums out. It is said that Wiant handled shipments as high as \$10,000 only a short time ago, hence it is believed that the theft is a robbery and not a disappearance of money. Had he planned a robbery he would have had plenty of opportunities to get away with large sums.

Wiant, 34 years old, and has been employed by the express company for a number of years, the majority of which were spent as a messenger. He was under the usual bond of \$500. He is a member of the Connellsville Military Band and well known about town. The loss, in case Wiant is not captured, will be met by the express company and not the bank.

At the offices of the United States Express Company in Pittsburgh it was stated that the report of the robbery had reached there but there was no statement to be given out.

## TEACHER IS CHOSEN.

Superintendent Asher Recommends a Jersey Man to School Board.

Superintendent of Schools S. P. Asher will recommend to the School Board a man to fill the position of instructor of chemistry in the high school now holding H. W. Winters, who has been in the high school for some time. Mr. Asher, who has been in the high school for some time, has been in the high school for some time. Mr. Asher, who has been in the high school for some time, has been in the high school for some time.

## ELECTRICIAN BURNED.

Substation Foreman for West Penn Injured at Latrobe.

Ray Robinson, district foreman of the West Penn substation, was painfully burned about the hands and forehead Monday afternoon while at work at the substation at Latrobe. Burns on the right hand went clear to the bone.

Robinson was making some changes of a switch board preparatory to connecting the line from the Latrobe Wherry traction line. In some way he short-circuited the current through his right hand, and the flesh was badly burned.

## Western Maryland Promotions.

H. W. Shank, formerly trainmaster of the Connellsville Division of the Western Maryland Railroad, has been promoted to succeed J. D. Chisholm who has been made trainmaster at Hagerstown.

## Millionaire Holder of the Martha Washington Will; Place From Which Document Was Stolen



NATIONAL COUNTY COURT HOUSE, 2 MORGAN LIBRARY, 3 J. P. MORGAN

## RUN FIRST CAR TO LATROBE OVER NEW WEST PENN ROUTE

First Trip Shows Big Cars Can Take All the Curves; May Begin Service Monday.

Trolley car No. 102 of the West Penn made a trip through from Connellsville to Latrobe yesterday afternoon, making the first through run over the newly completed line from Hockley to Buzsaky. The car was in charge of M. A. Coffey, superintendent of transportation, and his assistant, E. R. Komer, as conductor, and on board were the following officials: J. L. Fawcett, W. R. Kenney, A. W. Elliott, G. E. Morris, Daniel Dure and E. C. Newman, V. T. Barry of Greensburg and T. N. Shaw of Latrobe joined the party en route. C. H. McCullough, representing the West Penn Electric Company, was also on board.

The completion of the bridge at Whitney on Monday allowed a clearance through to Buzsaky where connection is made with the lines of the Latrobe, Greensburg and Greensburg, a West Penn subsidiary. A bit of hailing here and there is all that remains to be done on the roadway, though there are some small wires to be strung before the line can be opened for traffic.

The first car left Connellsville at 4 o'clock and arrived at Latrobe at 5:30. The run was made to Greensburg, leaving Latrobe at 6:30 and arriving at Greensburg at 7:30. The out of town officials disembarked along the line and the remainder came back to Connellsville after dinner had been taken at the hotel.

Regular service over the new line will probably begin next Monday. Officials of the transportation department are working on a schedule today.

## WATCH IS FOUND

Boys Stole It and Hid It in Pile of Bricks.

The watch stolen from William Struble at the Y. M. C. A. on Monday was located yesterday afternoon in a pile of bricks near the Wells-Mills garage, after Ed Williams, one of the youths arrested Monday night, confessed and implicated several other boys in the robbery and one at the Tri-State Candy Company. They had hidden it there after taking it from Struble's clothes in the gymnasium. Joseph Reddick, Edward Williams, Joseph Lefter and Michael Gallo were arrested on Monday night and a quantity of tobacco and chewing gum together with a knife and an electric search light were found on them. They vowed they knew nothing of Struble's watch and were released. Williams confessed yesterday and also named Martin Gallo, Surfey Lefter, Samuel Trump and Joseph Gallo. The entire watch was located last night when H. L. Carpenter made information against them on a charge of entering the Tri-State Candy Company and stealing tobacco, chewing gum and candy.

Alderman Munk held the case against the boys open, placing them on parole with the provision that they must attend school and report daily to Secretary Buer of the Y. M. C. A. as to their conduct.

## Killed in Ohio.

E. J. Snyder, a former resident of Somerset and Uniontown, was killed Tuesday afternoon in Marietta, O.

Snyder was doing construction work in the Ohio river as a boss and it is believed he was killed while working.

## Girls Still Missing.

The police had heard no word today from Anna May Kueker and Nellie Buidler, the little girls who disappeared in the direction of Pittsburgh on Monday afternoon.

## Plan Mine Safety Station.

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By United Press.

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The steamer Lady Lorimer is out searching for the Cobequid. Her wireless operator reports that he believes he had a faint "S. O. S." call from the Cobequid but he is unable to identify the call positively, or locate it. McKelvey & Black, owners of the vessel, refuse to acknowledge that she is lost.

The owners of the boat said that they had reason to hope that she was still afloat, as word from the liner Royal George states that she picked up "S. O. S." calls early this morning, but was unable to get their location because of their faintness.

The wreckage washed ashore consisted of fragments of a poop deck and a bit of plank labeled "Double Propeller; Keep Clear."

HOIDS GUARDS AT BAY.

Murderer of Poor Farm Manager Profers Death to Capture.

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Evidently desperate from the cold and hunger, Beasley opened fire on Putnam when he came to take the old man's seven children to the poor house and the posse fear that shots fired may wound some of them.

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By C. A. Voight.



**WEAR** Horner's  
Clothing

**J. B. KURTZ,**  
NOTARY PUBLIC  
AND REAL ESTATE  
No. 2 South Meadow Lane  
Connellsville, Pa.



# BROADWAY JONES

FROM THE PLAY OF  
GEORGE M. COHAN

EDWARD MARSHALL  
WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SCENES IN THE PLAY

## CHAPTER I.

Back of the massed red-brick and claspboard buildings forming, in Jonesville, Conn., the extensive group devoted to the manufacture of Jones' Peppin Gum, was the abandoned power house, wherein were housed the water wheels which once had furnished force to drive the factory's machinery. The stream's diminishing flow, the increased needs of the business, and the economy of steam all had militated toward industrial abandonment of the old building.

Small boys never fished there, for the sluice-ways were too swift, for Jones never fished there, for the watchmen of the mills were too strict in their guardianship; but lovers sometimes wandered there, of moonlight nights, and in the afternoons, when the arduous seasons had ended, Broadway, really named Jackson Jones, but nicknamed "Broadway" because of his continual glorification of New York's great thoroughfare, which he had seen upon occasion, sometimes went there to get away from Jonesville. This afternoon he was to teach two Jonesville girls new dance steps which he had learned in New York city. Later, dancing these with him at the Odd Fellows ball, they would confound all other girls in Jonesville.

The girls came promptly. Clara Spotswood was the daughter of the local judge, Josie Richards the daughter of a recent manager of the gum factory. Her father was now laid up with rheumatism, and Josie was in training for a bookkeeper's post in the great enterprise which swallowed most of Jonesville's youth of either sex, as soon as they left school.

"Now this step, girls," Broadway said in preface, "was invented on Broadway for use upon Broadway by Broadway people. Don't mistake it for a quiet step. It's not a sleep-dance. It was not dreamed out in Jonesville."

"And was everybody dancing it?" asked Josie.

"Every girl I saw," he answered. He had been telling of a ball he had attended in New York, but not quite all he might have told about it. "Every one I saw, but one."

"And was she dancing old style?"

"No, she was being carried to an ambulance. She had just sprained an ankle."

"Oh, Jackson, you're too funny!"

"Thanks for those kind words," he watched them whirl together for a moment. "No, not quite that way, Clara. Don't give a Broadway step a Jonesville twist, you want to give a Jonesville step a Broadway polish."

"Broadway!" she stopped their efforts. "Oh, you and your Broadway! You're always talking about Broadway!"

"Clara," said Jackson very seriously, "have you ever seen Broadway?"

"You know I haven't."

"Well, if you had, you'd never see another place you thought worth seeing."

"Oh, you and your Broadway!" Josie Richards was an extremely pretty girl, more serious than Clara, who was flirty. "No wonder the boys all call you Broadway!"

"I suppose a minister is proud when people call him 'doctor,'" was the answer. "When people call me 'Broadway,' I feel about like that."

"I'd rather folks would call me Anderson-Jackson," remarked Sammy. "An' now—Jackson—was a statesman—not—Anderson."

"You—er—little brother," began Broadway, but not being eloquent by nature, he left the sentence incomplete.

"He thinks he'll be a Caesar. He wants to kill some boys by strategy, for he's too fat to fight properly."

"The girls laughed again. Now they had begun the pleasant homeward walk along the high road to the border of the village.

"Can you come to supper?" Clara asked.

"As long as I can't eat on Broadway I'd rather go to your house than to any other place I know," said Jackson. "But I've got to go home first. This collar's tight."

"He was the only boy in Jonesville who would have thought of that; he was the only boy in Jonesville who owned a pair of patent-leather shoes."

As they passed his uncle's residence the old man, who was his guardian, caught a glimpse of him through an opening in the neglected shrubbery on the great lawn and sent a serving man to bid him enter.

Jackson made a very face for the benefit of the girls, as he said good-by to them, promising to appear for supper at the Spotswoods'. He carefully obeyed the summons, but it irked him the uncle always irked him. He believed, and there were others who believed, that his uncle tried to irk him.

They never had got on very well together, the old man was hard, condescending, and very ungenerous in his attitude toward young ideas, particularly to every young idea which claimed to have originated in his nephew's brain.

"Well, Jackson," said his uncle sourly.

"Well, Uncle Abner,"

"Ready to settle down in Jonesville, are you?"

"Now, uncle," said the youth protestingly.

"Your father settled down here, I settled down here, and you'll have to settle down here," said the grim, unlovable old man. "You have obligations here. The Jones' Gum factory has built this town and is responsible for it. You will have charge of the factory before long."

Jackson writhed. He didn't wish to have charge of the factory.

"It's not good business, uncle," he had once told the man who now sat staring at him moodily. "They'll think it was the gum that made him bald. Poor grandfather was too bareheaded to be a good advertisement for anything, except an Indian."

"Why an Indian?" his uncle inquired without suspicion.

"An after taking 'ad' of the beef scapler in the tribe."

This irreverence had abruptly ended that day's interview.

But this evening Abner Jones was busy with more serious thoughts.

"When are you going to work?" he crabbedly demanded.

"I don't see."

"Jackson, every Jones for two generations has learned the gum business before he was as old as you, but you, foolishly indulged by your father—I have never seen such madness as the way he brought you up—have come to manhood knowing nothing of it. Don't you ever wish to settle down?"

"Not yet," said Jackson, boldly. "I'm too young."

"You're twenty-one."

"I'm twenty-one; but I've lived most of the time in Jonesville. That makes me just fifteen so far as actual age goes—and yet the time seems longer than it is," said the irreverent Jackson.

"I'm almost discouraged. I'm free to tell you, Jackson, that if your father's will had left me any opportunity for doing so, I should see to it that, when I pass to my reward, you would have no share of the great business which you hold in such contempt."

"Pass on to your—er—yes, sir," Jackson murmured.

"I have had tales brought to me of some things you have said about Jonesville," said the old man bitterly. "You have compared it most unfavorably with that modern Babylon, New York."

"Well—er—uncle, you know New York is—well, more metropolitan."

"Jonesville is metropolitan enough. Jonesville is a pleasant little town, built by the industry and brains of the members of your family, sir—in both of which you seem to be most singularly lacking; and, while it has fewer virtues than New York, it has more vices. You will be the only Jones remaining after I have gone. I am far from well."

Instantly the young man was contrite. He had no wish to hurt his uncle's feelings.

"I'm sorry, sir, if you are feeling ill," he said, respectfully. "But, you see, you've always lived in Jonesville—a great drain on a man's vitality. I didn't mean to say a word to bother you."

But the old man was not to be pacified, his face continued stern. "It is less your words than what seems to be your disposition which annoys me," he burst forth. "Is there nothing serious in you?"

"I guess I'm pretty young to settle down. Perhaps that's what's the matter."

"I had settled down and had complete charge of the bookkeeping department of this great enterprise before I was eighteen. You might begin to take life seriously."

"You can't take it any other way in Jonesville."

"I feel that I should tell you various details of the business, for my days here may be numbered."

The youth looked deprecatingly around the dull old library, feeling, in the earnestness of his revolt, that if his own days in Jonesville were but numbered it would give him great relief. Even death, he thought—

"I'm sorry you're not well, sir."

"We are but shadows cast upon the stream of life. Mere shadows, Jackson."

Jackson gazed at him with careful eyes, that his mouth was also carefully entirely proven by the fact that he said nothing. A careless shadow might have remarked that his old uncle was a pretty solid shadow, for he weighed close upon two hundred pounds.

"Your father," said this very robust invalid, "had some tendencies which I now see in you—exaggerated in you, Jackson. He, too, was frivolous; he, too, longed for the flesh-pots of New York."

"I never did, sir," he said, gravely.

"I wish I might feel sure of that," said Abner Jones. "I should feel surer of the safety of the gum."

"I shall never harm the gum, sir."

"You must not only never harm it; you must help it. Let me tell you, Jackson—there is a trust in the gum

business."

"Yes, sir, I've heard of it."

It would have been remarkable if he had not. For two years the air of Jonesville had been full of timid rumors of the gum trust. The whole town was fearful that the great Jones factory might be sold to it and closed.

"After I am gone they will endeavor to secure our factory and business," Abner Jones went on. "I shall never let them have it. You must never let them have it. Of your pride in the Jones gum—"

"It's surely been a handsome little money maker," Broadway granted.

"I do not like your language," said his uncle, "but the meaning of your words is accurate enough. It has made money. It still continues to make money—as an independent gum. It—"

Broadway was getting fidgety. The Spotswoods were waiting supper for him. Mrs. Spotswood was a plump and cheerful housewife, who doted on her nephew, who had come from New York upon the rare occasions when his uncle let him go there.

"It would make more, uncle, wouldn't it, if it lost its independence?" he inquired.

"The plan of the trust is to take it from the market. They have not thought of continuing it as an individual product. They merely wish to eliminate it utterly. This would free their other products of its competition."

"Did some one of them chew it?" his nephew inquired earnestly.

"Jackson, you should be ashamed! They merely wish to take it from the market so that it no longer will affect their sale."

"Yes, I've heard," he had—a thousand times.

"That is the reason I am anxious that you should begin to show some vital interest in our splendid enterprise. It must be protected at all hazards. It should be the pride, as it has been the fortune, of the Jones family."

"Honest, uncle, I don't believe I know enough to go into the business. Aren't you afraid that it would spoil the sale of the gum if anybody should find out I helped to help it? That worries me. The gum must be protected. I leave it to you, uncle."

"Jackson, you are frivolous. You are a tremendous disappointment to me. You—"

"I don't want to be a disappointment, but I'd almost rather be a disappointment than a gum-maker. I'd—"

"Go!" said his uncle angrily. "I—"

But Jackson did not hear the remainder of the sentence. He had needed his first word.

## CHAPTER II.

"I should enjoy the supper better," Broadway said later at the Spotswoods' family table, "if everything I chew, after I've seen uncle, didn't make me think of gum. I wish there was a way of eating without chewing."

They all laughed, but not very heartily. Gum was a sacred word to them also. It was to every one in Jonesville.

"Let's talk things over after supper," said the judge. "Then, after they have gone into his study, little study."

"Go!" said his uncle, "I've been talking with your uncle."

"That's one reason I would never study law. You have to do such disagreeable things. I've been talking with him, too."

The judge laughed very briefly, very dryly. "It's not polite for you to speak that way, my boy. The old—er—your Uncle Abner will be sure to hear of it."

"Must I pretend to love him?"

"Er—it might be better to."

"I'm a pretty good little amateur actor, but there are some parts I'd never try to play. One of them is that of loving nephew to my Uncle Abner Jones."

Judge Spotswood sighed. "I know, my boy, and I don't know that I blame you. I only wished to say that as a matter of expediency—"

"I don't know just what expediency means, but it has anything to do with Uncle Abner I don't want to."

"Well, he said today that he hadn't any hopes of you. He said he didn't think you'd ever settle down. He doesn't seem to know where you get all your wild ways from. He is shocked beyond expression to find that your young friends all call you Broadway."

"What will he propose?"

"If you won't go into the business, he will try to buy you out."

Jackson looked at him in dumb delight. "For money? Ready money?"

"Yes; it's what I'm afraid of, Jackson. Be careful how you sell to him."

"I'll be careful that he pays me. That's all I care about."

"Don't be in a hurry. What I'm afraid of—but I ought not to talk to this man, Abner Jones has never

done me an ill turn. Of course your father was my client—"

"And dear uncle put his hooks into my dad whenever he could get them caught so's he could pull, didn't he?"

"He is a shrewd business man. But don't sell, Jackson." The judge was clearly ill at ease.

"If I don't sell, will I have to turn to make gum?"

"You ought to. A goose that lays a golden egg should be well cared for."

"Let uncle raise the poultry. I'd rather sell the eggs."

"But, Jackson—"

"Judge, will you come to see me in New York?"

The conversation had brought Jackson Jones to sudden realization of the fact that in eleven months or less he would be twenty-two, and that, as soon as he was twenty-two, he would be free, according to the terms of his dead father's will, to spend his own exactly as he pleased.

"I suppose you'll go there just as soon as you are master of your fortune."

The boy leaned forward eagerly. "When will it happen, Judge? Will it be on the midnight that begins my birthday, or the midnight that ends with it? Quick! I've got to know."

"Better wait till the next day, Jackson. That's the safest. Oh, I know you'll go! But don't sell to your uncle. Promise me."

"When will he make me the offer?"

"Before your birthday, Jackson."

"Is it as close as that? Is liberty as close as that? I hadn't realized! Couldn't we get him to wait till my birthday, or the midnight that ends with it? Quick! I've got to know."

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Judge Spotswood.

tarding motorists who endeavored to escape from deputy sheriffs. The result had been that the car's occupants had left it without intention, gone up ward, leaving the night air to heights and, coming down, had found them selves almost simultaneously in a mud hole and a deputy's custody.

Having paid their fines for speeding and rescued their somewhat battered motor, they now were being bandaged. It was characteristic of the general state of Jonesville's mind that the visitors had first been fined; repairs for their bruised heads being looked at as a secondary matter.

The unfortunate numbered two, and they had told the fuming and exultant judge of the peace that they were son and father, giving their names as Grover and Robert Wallace. Robert Wallace was of not much more than Jackson's age.

The drug store crowd was listening with huge delight to their subdued expressions of wrath. But with Broadway's entrance the younger of the victims recognized a member of his own indefinable fraternity. Within two minutes the young men were "old chaps" to each other, which is a congenial sign.

"How's your machine?" asked Broadway.

"Haven't looked it over very carefully."

"If it's out of business, I'll get my runabout and tow you ten miles down the road. There's a good hotel there, and a repair man who knows his business could help you out the first thing in the morning."

No such service proved to be necessary. In fact the stranger's car was in such unexpectedly good condition that its owners insisted upon taking Broadway with them to his gateway.

They reached it simultaneously with Clara Spotswood and Josie Richards, who were now engaged in that indefinable but delightful see-sawing which frequently occurs when a girl-friend takes a girl-friend home. Clara had walked part way home with Josie. Clara had gone part way back with her. They had gradually come almost to a midway standstill in front of the Jones place.

While the elder Wallace took advantage of the halt to make one more examination of the car, before plunging off into the darkness of the surrounding farming country, Jackson introduced his new-made friend to the two girls, and they stood laughing inconsequently. The young city man was much impressed by the two pretty country girls, and the two pretty country girls, especially Clara Spotswood, were delighted with the youth who had been brought so dramatically to their attention.

They went along before the elder gentleman was satisfied that everything was certainly all right, but at a distance which they felt sure made them invisible in the soft gloom of the summer night they paused, with many a suppressed giggle, to look back at the group, each member of which was now and then shown sharply against the background of Climmeran darkness as he chanced to pass into the radius of one or the other of the car's headlights.

"I think he's absolutely too handsome!" Clara whispered cautiously.

"I've always thought so," Josie answered.

"Oh, silly! I mean young Mr. Wallace. And Robert's such a sweet name! It's almost the same as 'Robin'—Robin' Adam, you know? How she must have loved him!"

"Robert or Robin?" Josie asked.

"Robin, of course. She sang the song about him. But Robert's just as pretty, and it doesn't make you think of birds and worms."

Josie burst into partially stifled sobs, and her friend grasped her arm in a lightning flash to force her into a wild scamper down the dusky, fragrant village street. When they had once more fallen to a walk, Josie remarked, unwittingly:

"You're very silly. He's not half as good looking as Jackson, and you know it. Only we saw Jackson every day, and—"

"Oh-h-h!" said Clara. "I've suspected that for a long time!"

"Suspected what? Keep quiet!" were the contradictory remarks of her best friend. Then: "And I'm going to be so lonely after he has gone! I'd like to cry. I almost did. Think of all the girls he'll meet there in the city! Oh, I hate New York!"

"You've never been there."

"No, but I've heard about the girls there."

there. Lots of them—drink—cock-tails. And I hate that street he's always talking of—Broadway!" Then, suddenly, and, to the amazement of her friend, who instantly was filled, however, with a perfect understanding, Josie burst into tears, and, with a quick "Good night," rushed toward her home.

Before they parted the city youth gave Broadway his card.

"You've been very nice, old chap. Come to see me when you strike New York."

"It's absolutely certain—and I'm coming in a year."

To his amazement, the events of this extraordinary night had not yet ceased for Broadway Jones. He walked down the street, toward home, filled with longing for the year's end, and found Sammy, Clara's small brother, asleep upon his doorstep.

"Hi, Sammy!" he cried, shaking a fat shoulder.

"Yes—sir; I'm goin'—to—be—like—"

"The boy began before he was entirely awake."

"I know, like Rip Van Winkle. But he didn't take his nap upon a doorstep. Why aren't you at home, in bed?"

Sammy rubbed his eyes. With maddening deliberation he informed Broadway that the judge had sent him, with instructions to find Broadway and tell him he wished to see him. "He said—(it didn't make—no—difference—how—late."

"What! As near midnight as this? Child, it's almost ten o'clock! All Jonesville is asleep."

"He says—for you—to—come. I'm goin'."

Whereupon he went.

Jackson followed speedily. Such a summons from the judge at such an hour must bode something cataclysm

